

Eighth Avenue

Hospitality

I met you at seven
I didn't expect your friends
I'm feeling much older
Somewhat a generation gap
You won't understand
I'm lost in a land
I'm not twenty-seven

Watch the computer
Sit by the telephone
Waiting for hours
Video games
Books on the bed
Cards I never sent
It's not like a dream
I thought it should be

Young and maudlin
You were alright till the end of the night
Counting all your feathers in a cap
And a bible black eye

I left my twenties
In bar rooms and bathroom halls
Past twenty-two to forty and four
Eighth Avenue
We walked twenty blocks
Sat on the roof
Played spades and hearts

Young and maudlin
You were alright till the end of the night
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